

VOLUME CXXXVI—No. 30. NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 6, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 7,052.

Rev. David Baruch has returned from New York.



## FOES IN AMBUSH.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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(CONTINUED)

## CHAPTER III.

Shortly after sunset on this same hot evening the sergeant in charge of the little signal party at the Picocho came strolling forth from his tent puffing at a battered briar root pipe. Southward and a few hundred feet below his perch the Yuma road came twisting through the pass, and then disappeared in the gathering darkness across the desert plain that stretched between them and the distant Santa Maria. Over to the east the loftiest crags of the Christofel were still faintly tinged by the last touch of departed day. Southward still, beyond the narrow and tortuous pass, the range rose high and precipitous, covered and fringed with black masses of cedar, stunted pine and juniper.

North of west, on the line of the now invisible road and far out toward the Gila, a faint light was just twinkling. There lay Cerro's, and nowhere else, save where the culms of the cook fire still glowed in a deep crevice among the rocks, was there light of any kind to be seen. A lonely spot was this in which to spend one's days, yet the soldier in charge seemed in no wise oppressed with sense of isolation. It was his comrade, sitting moodily on a convenient rock, elbows on knees and chin deep buried in his brown and hairy hands, who seemed brooding over the desolation of his surroundings.

Watching him in silence a moment, a quick smile of amusement on his lips, Sergeant Wing ventured over and placed a friendly hand on the broad blue shoulder.

"Well, Pike, are you wishing your self back in 'Frisco'?"

"I'm wishing myself in Tophet, sergeant; it may be better, but it isn't as lonely as this infernal hole."

"No, it's popular enough probably," was the response; "and," added he, with a whimsical smile, "no doubt you've lots of friends there, Pike."

"Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't. At all events, I've none here. Why in thunder couldn't you let me look into that business over at Cerro's instead of Jackson? He gets everything worth having. I'm shelved for his sake day after day."

"Couldn't send you, Pike, on any such quest as that. Those grizzlies have sharp eyes, and one look at your face would convince them that we'd lost our grip or were in for a funeral. Jackson, now, rides in as blithe as a May morning—a May morning out of Arizona, I mean. They never get the best of him. The only trouble is he stays too long; he ought to be back here now."

"Humph! he'll be apt to come back in a hurry with Put Dismay and those O'rop fellow spending their money like water at Cerro's."

"You still insist they're over there, do you, Pike? I think they're not. I flagg'd about Feeny half an hour ago that they hadn't come through here."

"Who was that fellow who rode back here with the note?" asked Pike.

"I don't know his name. 'Dutch' they call him in O' troop. He's on his second enlistment."

"More fool he! The man who re-enlists in this territory must be either drunk or Dutch." And Pike relapsed into gloomy silence again, his eyes fixed upon the faint flicker of the bar lights at Cerro's milks away.

Wing only laughed again, and, puffing away at his pipe went on down the winding trail to where in the shelter of the rocky walls a pool of water lay gleaming. Here he threw himself flat, and lying aside his precious pipe drank long and eagerly; then with a sudden plunge he doused his hot face in the cooling flood and came up dripping.

"Thank the Lord I have no desert march to make today—all on a wild goose chase," was his pious ejaculation. "What on earth could have induced the paymaster to send a detachment over to the Gila? He took from his pocket a penciled note and slowly twisted it in his fingers. It was too dark to read, but in its soldierly brevity he almost knew it by heart.

"The major sent Donovan with half the escort back to the Gila on an Apache scare this morning. They will probably return your way, empty handed. Signal if they have passed. Latham knows your code and we have a good glass. Send men to Cerro's with orders for them to join at once if they haven't come, and flag or torch when they pass you. It's my belief I've gone there."

This was signed by Feeny and over and again Wing been speculating as to what it all meant. When the escort with the ambulance and paymaster went through before the dawn, Feeny had roused him to ask if anything had been heard of Indians on the warpath between them and the Sonora line, and the answer was both prompt and positive, "No." As for their being north or south of the Gila, Wing scouted the suggestion. He wished, however, that Jackson were back with such tidings as he had picked up at Cerro's.

It was always best to be prepared, even though this was some distance away from the customary riding ground of the tribe. Just then there came a hail from aloft. Pike was shouting.

"All right," answered Wing cheerily; "it's there in a minute, and then it'll be coming up the trail as fast as the club of 400 feet was a mere leg steele."

"What's up? Jackson here?" he asked, short of breath, as he reached the little nook in which his trusty comrade's tent was pitched. There was no reply.

"Pike! O Pike! Where are you?" he called.

And presently, faint and far, some where down in the dark canyon to the south, a voice replied:

"Down here. Something's coming up the road."

Surely enough. Probably a quarter mile away a dim light as of a swinging lantern could be seen following the winding of the rough and rocky ribbed

road. Then came the crack of trampled hoofs, the crack of the long tangle whip, and a resonant imprecation in Spanish leveled at the invisible draft animals. Bounding lightly down the southward path, Sergeant Wing soon reached the roadside, and there found Pike in converse with a brace of horsemen.

"It's old Harvey's outfit, from Yuma, making for Moreno's," vouchsafed the soldier.

"Oh, is that you, Sergeant Wing? I ought to have known you were here. I'm Ned Harvey." And the taller horseman held out a hand, which Wing grasped and shook with cordial fervor.

"Which way, Mr. Harvey, and who are you with?"

"Home to Tucson. My sisters are in Concord behind us, going to visit the old folks for a few weeks before their trip to Cuba."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Wing. "They're the first ladies to pass through here since I came on duty at the station two months ago. You stay at Moreno's, I suppose?"

"Yes; the governor meets us there with relays and four or five men. We knew there would be no danger west of the Santa Maria."

"Well, I, did you stop at Cerro's or see any of their people?"

"No, I never put in there. Father's very suspicious of that gang. Why do you ask, though?"

Wing hesitated. "There was some story about about Apaches," he finally said. "The paymaster's escort threw



The taller horseman held out his hand, which Wing shook with cordial fervor.

off a detachment toward the Gila this morning, and I sent one of my two men back to Cerro's to inquire. You must have met him."

"No, we made a circuit—came by the old trail around the head of the slough. We haven't passed anybody, have we, Tony?" he asked of the silent horseman by his side.

"None, senior; but there were many hoof trails leading to Cerro's," was the answer, in the Spanish tongue.

"Then you'll need water here, Mr. Harvey. It's a 10 mile pull across to Moreno's," said Wing, as the four men came laboring up to the spot and willingly halted, the lantern at the forward axle slowly settling into inertia from its pendulum-like swing.

"Where are we, Ned? I hallo'd a blithe young voice. Sweet and silvery it sounded like the trooper's unaccustomed ears. 'Sweetly not at Moreno's yet?'"

"Not yet, paquita mia. Is Ruth awake? Tell her to poke that curly pate of hers out of the door. I want you to know Mr. Wing, Sergeant Wing, who has charge of the signal station here."

Almost instantly a slender hand, holding a little brass hurricane lantern, appeared at the opening, followed by a sweet, smiling face, while just behind it peered another, only a trifle older and more serious, yet every whit as pretty. Wing raised his old felt hat and mentally cursed the luck that had sent him down there in his ragged shirt sleeves. Pike, the cynic, busied himself in getting the buckets from underneath the stout spring wagon, and bumped his head savagely against the trunk laden boot as he emerged.

"I never dreamed of seeing ladies tonight," laughed the sergeant. "It's the rarest sight in all the world here, but I remember you well when you came to Yuma last year. That was when you were going to school at San Francisco, I believe."

"That was when I was in short dresses and a long face, sergeant," merrily answered the younger girl. "I hated the idea of going there to school. Fan, here, was willing enough, but I had never known anything but Arizona and Mexico. All I could think of was that I was leaving home."

"She was soon reconciled. Mr. Wing," said Miss Harvey; "there were some very pleasant people on the steamer."

"Oh, very pleasant for you, Fan, but what did they care for a clut of 14? You had lovely times, of course."

"So did you, Ruth, from the very day Mr. Drummond helped you to catch your dolphin."

"Ah! we were more than half way to San Francisco then," protested Miss Ruth promptly, "and nobody had taken any notice of me whatever up to that minute."

"Well, Mr. Drummond made up for lost time from that on," laughed the older sister. "I never told of her, Ned—wasn't I good?—but Ruth lost her young heart to a cavalry cadet not a year out of the Point."

"Is it our Lieutenant Drummond who was with you?" queried Wing.

"Oh, yes; why, to be sure, he is of your regiment. He was going back to testify before some court at the presidio, and—wasn't madame mean?—she wouldn't allow him to call on Ruth at the school, even when I promised to play champion and figure strict propriety and no flirting."

Ruth Harvey had, with quick movement, uplifted a little hand to silence her sister, but the hand dropped, startled, and the color rushed to her face at Wing's next words:

"Then you're almost sure to meet the Lieutenant tonight or tomorrow. He's been scouting the Santa Maria and the Christofel and is due along here at this very moment."

And now Miss Harvey had the field to herself, for the younger sister drew back into the dark depths of the covered wagon and spoke no more. In 10 minutes the team was rattling down the eastward slope, and Sergeant Wing turned with a sigh as at least one of the sound of hoof and wheel had died away. Slowly he climbed the steep and

crooked trail to their aerie at the peak. No sign of Jackson yet, no message from the ranch, no signal fire at Moreno's or beyond.

Yet was he right in telling Harvey with such precious freight to push on across that open plain when there was even rumormongers in the air? The loveliness of those two dark, radiant faces, the pretty white teeth flashing in the lantern light, the soft, silvery, girlish voices, the kindly, cordial handclasp vouchsafed him by the elder as they rolled away—these were things to stir the heart of any man long exiled in this desert land. It had been his custom to spend an hour in chat with his comrades before turning in for the night, but with Jackson still away and Pike still plunged in gloom—with, moreover, new and stirring emotions to investigate and analyze—Wing strolled off by himself, passed around the rocky buttress at the point and came to the broad ledge overlooking the eastward way to the distant range.

Here a mass of tinder, dry baked by weeks' exposure to the burning sunshine, stood in a pyramid of firewood ready to burst in flame at first touch of the torch. Close at hand were the stacks of reserve fuel. "Never light this until you know the Indians are raiding west of the Christofel," were his orders. But well he knew that once ignited it could be seen for many a league. Here again he filled his faithful pipe, and moving a safe distance away lighted his charge and tossed the matchstick among the jagged rocks below.

He saw the spark go sailing downward, unwafted from its course by faintest breath of air. Then he heard Pike's growl or something like it and called to him to ask if he heard Jackson. No answer. Sure that he had heard the gruff though inarticulate voice of his comrade, he hailed again more loudly than before, and still there came no reply.

Surprised, he stepped quickly back around the rocky point to where the tents lay under the sheltering cliff and came face to face with three dark, shadowy forms, whose unaccustomed foot-steps gave no sound, whose masked and blackened faces defied recognition, whose cocked revolvers were thrust into his very face before a lurid settled over his shoulders, snapped into place; and yelling for help when help was unobtainable, he fled to the rear.

Sergeant Wing was jerked violently to earth, dragged into a tent, strapped to a cot, deftly gagged and then left to himself. An instant later the Picocho was lighted up with a lurid, unearthly glare, the huge column of sparks went whirling and hissing up on high, and far and near the great beacon was warning all eyes that the fierce Apache was out in force and raiding the Yuma road.

Away out across the desert its red glare chased the Concord wagon where, in all unconscious of the danger signal, the sisters were, now chatting in a low tone.

"Drive your best," had Harvey muttered to his Mexican jehu, as he leaped out of the saddle to reach his car. "Not a word to alarm the girls," he cautioned his companion, "but be ready for anything."

Far out beyond the swaying, foundling vehicle, far out across the blistered plain, the glare and gleam fell full upon the brown adobe walls at Moreno's, and glittering eyes and swarthy faces peered through the westward aperture, while out in the corral the night lights were dancing to and fro, and Feeny, sore perplexed, but obedient to orders, was hurrying the preparations of his men.

Murphy's wild announcement had carried conviction to the major's soul, despite all Feeny's pleadings, and the sight of that beacon furiously burning, the thought of those helpless women being borne off into the horrors of captivity to the hands of the Indians, had conspired to rouse the paymaster to unlooked-for assertion of himself and his authority.

In vain had Feeny begged him to think of his money, to remember that outlaws would resort to any trick to rob him of his guard and might have even overpowered Wing and his party and then lighted the beacon. The chain of evidence, the straight story told by his morning visitor, the awful news contained in the penciled note brought in by Mullin, were considerations too potent to be slighted.

In vain did Feeny point out to him that if Apaches were really in the neighborhood Wing would not be content with starting the fire, but would surely signal whether to go in search of them, and that no vestige of signal torch had appeared. Old Plummer vowed he could never again know a moment of peace if he neglected to do anything or everything in his power to save the girls.

Most reluctantly he agreed that Feeny should remain in charge of the safe and the two drugged and helpless men. Murphy and all the others were ordered out forthwith to march rapidly northeastward until they struck the trail of the pursuit and then to follow that. In 15 minutes, with four pack mules ambling behind, away they went into the darkness, and all that was left to man the ranch and defend the government treasury against all comers was the phlegmatic but determined paymaster, his physically wrecked but devoted clerk, Sergeant Feeny, raging at heart, but full of fight, and a half breed packer named Pedro. The two senseless and drunken troopers were of course of no use to any body.

Even as the detachment mounted Latham with it, old Moreno appeared at the doorway and, in his scrape, approached Murphy by the side for a brief chat, and then he slipped a fat caution from under his cloak and thrust it into the corporal's ready hand. "Hush—no words," he whispered. "All is well. I keep my promise. And so saying he had slunk away, but Feeny was on the side quick as a shot, quicker than the corporal could send the bulky vessel to the stables. Wrenching it from the nervous hand of his junior, Feeny hurried it with all his force after the Mexican's retreating form. It struck Moreno square in the back of the neck and sent him pitching heavily forward.

Only by catching at a horse post did he save himself from a fall, but, as he straightened up, his face was one not to be looked at without a shudder; grinding teeth, snapping, flashing eyes, vengeful contortions of brow and jaw, hate, fury and revenge, all were quivering

with the menace under that swarthy skin, and the gleaming knife was clasped in his upraised hand as, driving into the ranch and out of sight of the hated "gringos," he lurched into the room where sat his wife and daughter, and raging aloud, through that he leaped like a panther to another door, fastened on the further side, where one instant he stood before admission could be gained, and through a panel in which there warily peered a bearded face, swarthy as his own. And then Senora Moreno hurriedly banged the shutter and took up her guitar. Something had to be done to hush the uproar of blasphemy and imprecation mingling with the shout of exultation that instantly followed her lord's admission to the den.

Nine o'clock came. Murphy and his party were gone. The team still blazed at the westward pass. The wailing of the guitar had ceased. Silence reigned about the ranch. Old Plummer with anxious face peeped slowly up and down the open space in front of the desert bar. Feeny, with three loaded canines close at hand and his belt bristling with revolvers, was dividing his attention between the safe and the still sleeping troopers. Every once in a while he would station the major at the safe, which had been hauled into the eastmost of the rooms that opened to the front instead of on the corral, and revolver in hand, would patrol the premises, never failing to stop at a certain window behind which he believed Moreno to be lurking to warn that impulsive greaser not to show his head outside his room if he didn't want it blown off his shoulders; never failing on his return to stir up both recumbent forms with angry foot, and then to shower in equal portions cold water and hot imprecations upon them.

To Pedro he had entrusted the duty of caring for the horses of his prostrate comrades. Every faculty he possessed was on the alert, watching for the faintest sign of treachery or hostility from within. Listening with dread but stern determination for the first sound of hoof beats from without. It must have been about 10 o'clock when, leaving Mr. Davies, the clerk, seated in the dark interior beside the safe, Feeny stepped forth to make another round, stopped to look at Mullin and his partner, now beginning to twitch uneasily and moan and toss in their drunken sleep, and then turned to seek the paymaster.

Whatever lights Moreno had been accustomed to burn by way of lure or encouragement to belated travelers, all was gloom tonight. The bar was silence and darkness. The bare east room adjoining the corral was tenanted now only by the clerk and the precious iron box of "greenbacks." No glimmer of lamp showed there. The westward apartments, opening only one into another and thence into the corral, were still as the night and even when a shutter was slowly pushed from within, as though the occupants craved more air, no gleam of light came through.

"Don't show your ugly mug out here, Moreno," cautioned Feeny for the fourth or fifth time, "and warn any d—d cutthroat with you to keep in hiding. The man who attempts to come out gets a bullet through him."

There had been shrill protestation in Mexican Spanish and Senora Moreno's strident tones when first he conveyed his orders to the master of the ranch, but Moreno himself had made no audible reply, and, as was conjectured, had enjoined silence on his wife, for after that outbreak she spoke no more.

"I've got this approach covered anyhow," muttered the veteran. "Now if I only had men to watch those doors into the corral, I could pen Moreno and whatever he has here at his back. It's that gang of hell hounds we passed at Cerro's that will pay us a call before morning, or I'm a duffer."

Once again he found the paymaster wearily, anxiously patrolling his self-assumed post out beyond the westward wall. The presence of common danger, the staff-official's forgetfulness of self and his funds in his determination to aid the wretched women whom he firmly believed to have been run off by the Apaches, had won from the sergeant the tribute of more respectful demeanor, even though he held the story of the raid to be an out and out lie.

"Any signs or sounds yet, sir?" he questioned in muffled tone.

"Why, I thought—just a moment ago—I heard something like the crack of a whip far out there on the plain."

(Continued on third page.)

## Hood's Cures



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## New Magazines.

"Philip and His Wife," a new serial story by Margaret D. Land, author of "Sidney," is begun in the January number of the Atlantic. "Admiral Earl Howe," the distinguished naval hero, who fought so ably on the British side during the Revolution, is the subject of a very carefully written paper by Captain A. T. Mahan. "The Only Rose" and "Wolfe's Cove" are two bits of fiction, the former by Sarah, Orne Jewett and the latter by Mrs. Mary Maxwell Catherwood.

Sir Edward Strachey gives a delightful "Walk at a Country House" on the subject "Down to Toward Camelot." There are two hitherto unpublished letters from Coleridge to Southey, and one of Miss Edith M. Thomas' delightful mixtures of prose and poetry, entitled, "From Winter Solstice to Vernal Equinox." General Samuel Chapman Armstrong's life is briefly described by Roy, John H. Denison, a friend and college classmate. Charles Gilbert Cradock's story, "His Vanished Star," is continued through two more chapters. With "The Transmission of Learning Through the University" by Professor N. S. Shaler, talks on authors, their letters and their works, "Comment on New Books," and "The Contributor's

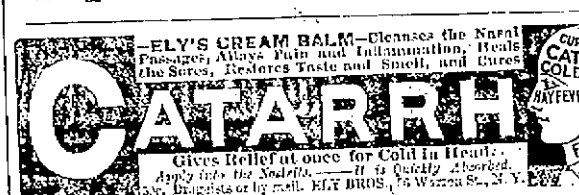
## Club," the volume closes.

The January number of Lippincott's contains the opening chapters of a serial story, which is an entirely new departure, it formerly having all stories completely in every issue. Mr. Gilbert Parker, author of "The Translation of a Savage," is the writer of a serial which is entitled, "The Trespasser." There is also a complete novel, "The Colonel," by Harry Willard French. There are two short stories, "Franchy," by Molly Elliot Sawall, and "A Mother and Her Boy," by George Morley. M. E. W. Sherwood, in her delightful way, describes her "Recollections of Rachel, Fanny Kemble, and Charlotte Cushman," and others, whom she had the happiness of listening to in New York in the cities. An article on "The Peninsula of Lower California," by James Knapp Reese, and "A Post of Daniel Dawson," by Julian Hawthorne. One of Dyson's poems, "No Man's Land," precedes this article in the book. The preparation made by two nineteenth century "The Twentieth Century," is briefly reviewed by Charles Morris, and "A Juvenile Revival," the Christian Endeavor Era, is spoken of by Thomas Chalmers. There is the usual amount of poetry and songs "Talks with the Trade."

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The capital of France is Paris, 2,200,000



## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday, Dec. 30.

There was a \$29,000 fire in the Sagamore Hotel property at Lynn, Mass.—The German Insurance company of Quincy, Ill., has sold out.—The Cunarder Catalpa arrived at Boston.—The fund for relief of the unemployed of Boston now amounts to \$22,867.58.—A restaurant where 5-cent meals were sold has been opened by a number of Boston business men.—Native runners confirm the report of the annihilation of Captain Wilson's force by the Matabiles.—It is said that Chicago has been robbed of hundreds of thousands of dollars by means of stuffed payrolls.—Admiral Gama says that the insurgents aim to overthrow the military despotism now existing in Brazil.—An Ohio manufacturer suggests, as a way to revive business, that the senate pass a resolution declaring that no tariff legislation will be enacted by the Fifty-third congress.—Messrs. Platt, Hart and Perry were appointed receivers for New England and New York in this state and Rhode Island.—The police place the number of Boston's unemployed at 545.—Seven tramp drunk-polluted alcohol at Attleboro, Mass. Four are dead, two sick beyond recovery and the other unwell.—Charles R. Kirby, charged with being a fugitive from justice and wanted in New Jersey, was discharged by the court at Worcester.—Teller W. A. Bennett of the Globe National Bank, Providence, stole \$10,000 and gets away.—The entire Carnegie plant in Honesdale is to resume operations Monday morning.—Pendergast, the murderer of Mayor Carter Harrison, was found guilty and his punishment fixed at death.—The authority of Dr. McGlynn to occupy the place of Bishop Wilson of the Newark diocese.—The Brazilian government is gloomily depriving the insurgents of their sources of supplies.—Fifteen persons were drowned during a dense fog at Amsterdam.—Adolph Jellinek of Vienna, the scolar Austrian rabbi, is dead. He was born at Drolowitz, Moravia in 1820.—George W. Savage, United States consul at Dunelm, is dead.—Dr. Harper, prime of New Zealand, died at Wellington.

Sunday, Dec. 31.

The Home Market club of Boston has petitioned congress to defeat the Wilson tariff bill.—The steamer Norseman grounded in the Narragansett Boston harbor.—Several manufacturing companies in Southington, Conn., have notified their employees of reduction in wages.—Democrats differ on the kind of notes to issue to relieve the treasury.—Fully 9000 men will be given employment at Pittsburg this week.—The California State grange protests against the passage of the Wilson bill.—Eleven indictments were found against John Y. McKim in connection with the Gravesend election frauds.—Populists in the senate will oppose the Wilson bill.—Twelve racehorses were burned near Dunelm, N. Y.—The Cripple Creek gold output for 1893 was \$2,386,091.—Seven men were terribly injured by a gas explosion at East Chicago, Ind.—D. Layman, president of the American Railway Water company, was arrested for embezzling.—Governor Mitchell of Florida may declare martial law in the prize fight case.—Two men were killed and four injured in a New Jersey mine.—Sir William White Baker, a noted African explorer, is dead.—The commercial convention has been signed by France and Spain.—The Berlin dynamite mystery has been traced to a discharged police agent.—The New England Building company at Winsted, Conn., has made a cut in wages averaging about 20 per cent.—Oliver Ames, 10 years old, died at Middletown, Conn., of malignant diphtheria.—Portland, Me., people are alarmed at the appearance of scarlet fever.

Monday, Jan. 1.

The body of Lucy Stone was cremated at Forest Hills, Boston.—M. E. Gray's planing mill at Beverly, Mass., was practically destroyed by fire.—Schooner Rosa A. Muller was towed into New London, Conn., in a sinking condition and with the crew exhausted.—John H. Senter is to be United States district attorney for Vermont.—George W. McDonald of Weymouth, Mass., wanted for burglary, is held at Concord, N. H.—Steamer Cyphrenes was sunk by collision with the Florida, and the latter vessel was badly damaged.—Secretary Herbert has ordered the last payments on the Columbia and Machina made.—Schaefer, the billiard player, is to go on the stage.—Four persons met death in a burning cottage at Omaha.—Professor Shortridge of Media, Pa., shot and killed his wife of a month.—Chili refuses to agree to an extension of the existence of the Chilean claims commission.—War between France and China is said to be imminent.—Admiral Mello is said to be seriously wounded.—The volcano of Popocatepetl is in eruption.—Joseph Gallagher, an escaped prisoner from the Massachusetts reformatory, was arrested at Lowell, Mass., for larceny and assault.—Captain A. C. Alsworth, an 1891 pioneer of California and Oregon and three times a millionaire, died at Oakland, Cal.—Vilhelm W. Wheeler, a member of the Wilson sewing machine fame, died at Bridgeport, Conn., at the age of 73. During his life he took an active part in all city affairs and has represented Bridgeport in the state house of representatives and senate for a number of terms.—Benjamin F. Tallman, a prominent citizen of Richmond, Me., died at the age of 92. He was several years grand worthy patriarch of the Maine grand lodge, Sons of Temperance.—William Richardson, prominent in Brooklyn for many years as a railroad magnate, is dead. In 1861 President Lincoln appointed him paymaster in the federal army.—Silas William White, Baker, a noted African explorer, is dead.—The late Dr. Luxen, the Spanish war vessel, arrived here with the Riff leaders as prisoners. They were handed over to Moorish authorities.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.

Mrs. Johanna McDole of Salem, Mass., was fatally burned.—The Paris council voted the budget for the first time in years.—Prague police are to carry revolvers hereafter.—Six thousand Chicago clerks were discharged at the close of the holiday season.—Earthquake shocks were felt in England.—Politicians think the early launching of the presidential boom of Harrison and McKinley is far from the fact.—The subscriptions received so far for the fund for relief of the unemployed of Boston amounts to \$22,867.58.—A wreck on the Northern and Western Railroad at Elkton, Mo., was caused by the train running into a deep snow bank. Three men were fatally injured.—The Indian congress at Lahore closed with cheers for the queen and British rule.—The Kurds attacked a party of Armenian emigrants and robbed the men and mistreated the women.—A fire at Boston destroyed the Globe theater and adjoining property. Loss about \$500,000.—The appointment of a permanent receiver for the New England road was postponed until Jan. 10.—The steaming of William A. Bennett, the absconding Providence bank teller, may reach \$20,000.—John L. Sullivan talks of challenging the winner of the Jacksonville fight.—Columbia won the collection

chess tournament.—The French consulate at Turin is guarded because of an organized demonstration on account of the Alghes-Mortes affair.—Dwellings of supposed anarchists all over France were searched and many arrests were made.—Manchester's great ship canal was opened with a grand public demonstration.

Wednesday, Jan. 3.

The mutiny in the Cameroons is over.—Another famine is predicted in Russia.—Chlorine has broken out in a St. Petersburg cemetery.—The New York assembly was organized by Republicans.—British Tories have revolted against the leadership of Balfour.—The ore production fell off from 35 to 50 per cent in 1893.—New Cushing academy at Ashburnham, Mass., was dedicated.—The electric power house at Farmers, Mass., was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$20,000.—Walden (Mass.) place workers have been asked to accept a reduction in wages.—A receiver in asked for the Chesapeake.—Two persons were killed and many injured by a fire in a cheap hotel in Buffalo.—Breasting receivers practically are exonerated of the charges made against them.—An express and freight car collided near Dover, N. J., and several passengers were slightly hurt.—William D. Taylor, superintendent of the Dover (N. H.) public water works, committed suicide.—Captain Ellen Griffin died at Portland, Me., of heart disease. He was 94 years old and had been in charge of townships for years.—The movement in Cambridge, Mass., looking to municipal ownership of underground conduits for water, is attracting favorable attention.—A terrible explosion of dynamite occurred at Boston, and three men were killed, several injured and much damage done to nearby dwellings.—Lawyer C. R. Mahan of Milford, Mass., was arrested for forgery.—Mookey and Sweeney opened revival meetings at Providence.—An Italian was probably fatally killed by a companion at Johnston, R. I.—Congress resumed today for a long struggle.—Rioters burned public buildings in several Illinois towns.—Ex-Congressman O. B. Potter was stricken with apoplexy on the street in New York city and soon expired.—An effort is being made to effect reconciliation between Governor Lowell and Mrs. Louse.—Four men were killed and several injured in a railroad collision near Lawrence, Kan.—Alfred O. Pentecost declined the appointment of public district attorney of New York.—Epidemic fever is raging at Red Sea.—Phenicia fever.

Thursday, Jan. 4.

Masked moonshiners recaptured seized stills in Georgia.—New York union garment makers protest against new unions.—John D. Rockefeller gave \$500,000 more to Chicago university.—Salem (Mass.) business men are trying to raise a fund for the establishment of a gold cure there.—The London Truth charges that foreign exhibitors at the fair are liable not to get their goods back.—It has been reported that the Omaha society of Austria is closely connected with the anarchists.—Pay checks of the New York and New England road were protested by the Connecticut bank of Boston.—Another riot party has started to hunt for George Washington.—A joint debate between socialists and anarchists in Vienna failed to change the ideas of either faction.—The Illinois state auditor may institute proceedings against officers of the National Building and Loan Investment company.—A North Cambridge (Mass.) girl named Mary Daley was killed while trying to cross railroad tracks under a freight car.—A London paper says that the wholesale arrests of anarchists were made in order to ease the minds of Valentim's jurors.

Friday, Jan. 5.

Green goods circulate have been received at Newton, Mass.—Miss Mary A. Kelly of Brighton, Mass., was knocked unconscious by a burglar.—Peter Dempsey, 24 years old, was arrested at Boston for embezzling from his employers.—The City club of New York gave a ball for reform measure on the Massachusetts plan.—The New York Chamber of Commerce endorsed Secretary Carlisle's town school bill.—American papers are to put their English wages plus the duty, if the Wilson bill passes.—Governor Peck of Wisconsin denounces the American Protective association as un-American.—The Architectural league of New York indorsed the Wilson bill because of its free art clause.—San Francisco thinks that Commissioner Whittell made a one-sided report on the Hawaiian affair.—In an article entitled "American Railway Robbers" the London Financial News attacks the railroad managers of the United States.—John Connors and Miss Eva Flint, charged with complicity in the Kessler train robbery, were released at Alhambra.—The president sent to the senate the following nominations: John W. Ross, commissioner of the District of Columbia, Terry T. Cullerton of New Jersey, assistant appraiser of merchandise in the district of New York.—Patrick Steadman of Attleboro, Mass., was attacked by a highwayman while on his way home. Mr. Steadman was too strong for his assailant and gave him a thrashing.—Samuel Alexander, who murdered James Nesbitt at Chicago, Mass., escaped from the Worcester insane asylum last June, which fact was kept a secret.—Thomas J. Lynch won the Augusta (Me.) postmaster ship fight.—A wound inflicted by a woman caused the death of Policeman Whidden of Providence.—Dudley B. Chapman was killed by a runaway horse at New London, Conn.—Danbury (Conn.) hat manufacturers threaten to move to Yonkers.—Representative Outes has a bill for increasing the currency.—Commissioner Blount was probably paid from the secret service fund of the state department.—A state of siege has been proclaimed throughout Sicily.—Fifteen children were rescued from a burning tenement at Newark, N. J., by a judge and two policemen.—One man was killed and two seriously injured by the explosion of two compressed hydrogen cylinders in New York.—The Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Consolidated railroad was placed in the hands of receivers.—Kine Humbert of Italy is reported to have a private fortune of 100,000,000 lire deposited in London.—Factory barracks at Sunderland, Russia, were set on fire by an incendiary.—Terrible blizzard raged throughout Europe.

Not Avere, Jan. 6.

HARTFORD, Jan. 6.—The business of the New England road is not out of the hands of a few days ago paid off by checks on Boston, which the East Hartford merchants cashed as usual. The checks have all been returned from Boston protested.

A Constable's Unexpected Visit.

BIDDEFORD, Me., Jan. 5.—The rum war was reopened last night when Constable Allen of Springdale descended unexpectedly upon the city and made several important seizures at drug stores and kitchen dives.

Victim of Powder Explosion.

Boston, Jan. 5.—Cornelius Leary, who was injured in the Roxbury powder explosion last Tuesday, died at the city hospital yesterday. This makes the fourth fatality attendant on this accident.

## FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Exports of Merchandise in 1893 Show a Falling Off.

Exports of Gold the Highest in the Nation's History—Big Decrease in Imports and Exports in American Vessels.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—Washington O. Ford, chief of the bureau of statistics, has made a voluminous report to the secretary of the treasury on the foreign commerce of the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893. The report shows that the total imports of merchandise during the year were valued at \$868,490,922, of which \$21,850,711 was dutiable and \$846,640,211 free. The imports of merchandise in the fiscal year of 1892 were valued at \$875,497,425, of which \$20,002,584 was dutiable and \$855,494,841 free. The exports of gold in 1893 were valued at \$21,474,341 against \$19,297,451 in 1892, and of silver \$3,161,322 in 1893 against \$19,953,084 in 1892. The exports of merchandise in 1893 were valued at \$475,553,191, and in 1892 at \$1,033,278,148. The exports of gold in 1893 were \$108,600,811, and of silver \$40,131,319, as compared with exports of \$60,165,321 gold and \$32,810,559 silver in 1892. The tonnage during the year was 18,281,810 tons, and the number of immigrants arrived was 122,007, a falling off of 130,000, compared with 1892. Mr. Ford notes that the values of the imports of merchandise attained the highest mark in the commercial history of the country.

Gold Shipments Were Enormous.

The exports of gold reached a higher figure than ever before attained in a single year since the foundation of the government. In 1893, however, the net exports of gold were less than the net exports in 1891. The imports as well as the exports of silver coin and bullion reached an amount greater than is recorded in any other year in the history of the country.

In 1873, which will be remembered as the year of panic and important monetary legislation, the exports of silver reached \$2,751,859, a point that had never been attained in previous years, and has never been touched or exceeded in subsequent years until 1893, when the exports were \$40,131,319. The year 1893, the report says, also marked one step down in the relative importance of the foreign carrying trade of the country. There was an actual decrease from 1891 in the percentage of imports and exports carried in American vessels, 12.2 per cent, being the lowest point this feature of our commercial history has touched.

Labor and Finance.

The report states that the opening of 1893 was marked by a number of serious and extensive labor difficulties, affecting production and transportation and accompanied by acts of violence and destruction of property. Fortunately these strikes and consequent disturbances were localized, and proved to be of a temporary nature. The center of disturbance was soon transferred to financial rather than industrial matters; but the effects were long felt in many of the leading lines of production and transportation, including an element of uncertainty, always injurious to undertakings involving large capital. The one dark feature of the iron situation was the shrinkage of prices, due to an excessive production, and the same general drift of affairs has continued into 1893. The report mentions a number of circumstances that combined to make the trade of 1893 an interesting study in the general law governing international commerce, which include the enormous grain crops of this country in 1891 and a partial failure of similar European crops.

WHIDDEN IS DEAD.

A Woman Hit Him in the Leg and Blood Poisoning Resulted.

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 5.—Policeman Abel G. Whidden died yesterday afternoon from blood poisoning, the result of being bitten by a woman seven weeks ago. He tried to arrest Emma Hall, a notorious woman, who had cut the throat of Ambrose Ward, her employer. She attacked the officer with a knife. He disarmed her, they fell down a flight of stairs and she bit him in the leg. Since Dec. 8 he suffered intensely. The woman is now in prison for assault on Ward.

Not a Bad Showing.

Boston, Jan. 6.—According to the annual report of the assessors of the city of Boston for the year 1893 the total assets were \$78,881,517 and the liabilities \$66,088,148, leaving the amount of assets over liabilities as being \$12,793,369. The total debt for 1892 was \$58,003,927 and for 1893 \$56,908,148, showing an increase of debt for 1893 of \$204,181.

Connecticut Lost \$100,000.

HARTFORD, Jan. 6.—The investigation of the management of the Connecticut school fund, which was brought about by the recent defection of Agent Gunn of Ohio, was completed yesterday. The investigation shows that the state lost \$100,000, which was in charge of Agent Gunn of Ohio, who has disappeared.

Insurance Company Won't Give In.

SACO, Me., Jan. 5.—The suit of the estate of Hon. Roscoe L. Bowers against the New York Life Insurance company to recover insurance upon Mr. Bowers' life has been taken to the United States circuit court by the defendants. The suit involves \$10,000.

Wife Murderer Sentenced.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 5.—Louis LaFrenier, the French Canadian charged with having murdered his wife last July, pleaded guilty to the charge of manslaughter. He was given the maximum sentence for manslaughter, which is 10 years in state prison.

An Infant Murdered.

CHELSEA, Mass., Jan. 5.—The body of a week old infant was found on Division street yesterday afternoon. The skull was crushed evidently by repeated blows from a blunt instrument. The police have no clue to work upon.

For Killing His Wife.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 5.—The trial of Daniel M. Robertson for the killing of his wife Mary on Sept. 9, by stabbing her with a case knife, has been assigned for Feb. 5 at the courthouse in this city.

The Smallpox Scare.

LOWELL, Mass., Jan. 5.—Another scare of probable smallpox has been discovered in Centralville. Harry Gordon, a milk collector, is thought to have contracted it in Methuen.

Died From Smallpox.

WINSTED, Conn., Jan. 5.—James Dillon of this place died yesterday from smallpox. His case was discovered 10 days

## New Advertisements.

## RAYMOND'S VACATION EXCURSIONS.

ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED.

A party will leave BOSTON January 2 for a Two Weeks' Trip to

Lookout Mountain

and WASHINGTON.

Four days at the splendid Lookout Inn, on the summit of Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, Tenn., and six days at the National Capital, with a carriage ride to the public buildings and a visit to Mount Vernon. In connection with the above there will be also a

NINE DAYS Tour to WASHINGTON

and return, including Lookout Mountain. A choice of the Sound Route or All Rail with Parlor Cars, between Boston and New York. Parlor Cars between New York and Washington. Sleeping and Dining Cars between Washington and Chattanooga. Additional Excursions to Washington: Feb. 9, March 13 and 21; to Lookout Mountain Jan. 23 and March 13; to Chattanooga and Old Point Comfort, Feb. 9; to Gettysburg, March 30. Cash fare, \$10.00. Jan. 23, 11 and 30, Feb. 11, 21, 28, 29 and March 12. Mexico Excursions: Jan. 30, Feb. 20 and March 13. Colorado Tours: Parties leave Boston monthly for the Colorado at Glenwood Springs, special Train Through Europe, the party to leave New York by the North German-Lloyd line for Gibraltar Feb. 17. The Sandwich Islands: A party will sail from San Francisco March 17 for a seven-weeks' tour.

Send for descriptive book, mentioning the particular tour desired.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB,

226 Washington St. (opposite School St.) Boston

12-30-25

## RAYMOND'S VACATION EXCURSIONS.

ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED.

A party will leave Boston January 23 for a Nine-days' Trip to the Historic and Picturesque

Lookout Mountain,

and WASHINGTON.

California Excursions: January 8, 11 and 13, February 11, 20 and 22, and March 8 and 13. Mexico Excursions: January 30, February 20 and March 13. Excursions to Washington: January 9, February 9, March 13 and 21; to Lookout Mountain, January 9 and March 13; to Richmond and Old Point Comfort, February 9; to Gettysburg, March 13. Colorado Tours: Parties leave Boston monthly for the Colorado at Glenwood Springs, special Train Through Europe, the party to leave New York by the North German-Lloyd line for Gibraltar Feb. 17. The Sandwich Islands: A party will sail from San Francisco March 17 for a seven-weeks' tour.

Send for descriptive book, mentioning the particular tour desired.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB,

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## NICE ORANGES.

only 17c per dozen.

## New Self-Raising BUCKWHEAT.

15 and 25 cents

## PER PACKAGE.

## SAYER BROS.,

283 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

## A NEW CITY HALL.

## That's

## WANT.

but they can't get it yet. The young bloods say, "AS SOON AS THE OLD FOGIES DIE WE WILL GET IT."

Now, old fogies, if you want to fool these

## Youthful Philosophers

## USE

## Dixon's Great

## Russian Cough Cordial,

when a cough comes on, and cure it at once.

For sale by druggists and dealers in general

1216

## PIANOS

A PIANO made by any of the reliable makers we represent, is just the thing for a

## CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

it will last a lifetime. Every instrument fully warranted. Inspection invited. Open every evening.

## JAMES H. BARNBY, Jr. &amp; Co.,

154 Thames Street, Represent M. Steinert & Sons Co.

## New Advertisements.

## NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank for the election of Directors will be held Tuesday, January 9, 1894, at 2 o'clock P. M. H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.

## Aquidneck National Bank.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank for the election of Directors for the year ensuing, will be held at the banking rooms Tuesday, the 9th day of January, 1894, from 11 o'clock A. M. to 12 o'clock M. CHAS. F. HOPKINS, Cashier.

## National Exchange Bank.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank for the election of Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the banking room, Tuesday, January 9, 1894, at 2 o'clock P. M. EDWARD NEWTON, Cashier.

## Aquidneck National Bank.

Dividend No. 84. YOUR PERCENT, payable on and after January 24, 1894. CHAS. F. HOPKINS, Cashier.

## Newport National Bank.

THE DIRECTORS of this bank have declared a semi-annual dividend of four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1894. H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.

## Island Savings Bank.

DIVIDEND NO. 41. A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of five (5) per cent, per annum will be paid on all deposits deposited hereto, on and after January 15, 1894. EDWARD NEWTON, Cashier.

## National Exchange Bank.

DIVIDEND NO. 57. A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of four per cent, will be paid to the stockholders of this bank on and after January 1st, 1894. EDWARD NEWTON, Cashier.

## New England Commercial Bank.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank for the election of Directors will be held Tuesday, January 2nd, 1894, at 3 o'clock P. M. A dividend of 4 per cent, will be paid to the stockholders on and after January 2nd, 1894. S. UNDERWOOD, Cashier.

## National Bank of Rhode Island of

Providence.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank for the election of directors and the transaction of such other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their banking room, 303 Thames street, on Tuesday, January 9, 1894, at 2 o'clock P. M. T. F. PECKHAM, Cashier.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

NEWPORT, R. I., December 8, 1893. THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank for the election of Directors will be held Tuesday, January 9, 1894, from 11 to 12 o'clock P. M. NATHAN R. SWINBURNE, Cashier.

## HEADQUARTERS

FOR ALL

## FARM, LAWN, MECHANICAL, HORSE and HOUSE

## Supplies.

GEO. A. WEAVER,

19, 21 & 23 BROADWAY.

## HORSES AND CARRIAGES

For Sale.

I have on hand

30 Horses and 100 Carriages

That must be sold and can sell cheaper than ever sold in Newport.

30 New Carriages at Cost

New Road Carts \$18

Open Wagons New \$35

New Box Buggy \$65

Other Carriages in Proportion.

I have no use for them and will

WILL SELL OR EXCHANGE FOR HAY.

## LAWTON'S

Tobacco Street

## Farmers and Gardeners' ATTENTION

Having again secured a large stock of

HENRY C. ANTHONY'S

Garden and Vegetable Seeds

I would respectfully notify the public that this is the only place in Newport where these superior seeds can be obtained. All orders entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. I would especially call the attention of the public to the superior and tested

ONION SEED AND SWEET CORN,

which are pronounced the best in the market.

A. A. BARKER,

Dealers in Groceries, Grain, Farming

Utensils, etc

122 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

## Great White Bear.

122 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

## SIGN

OF THE

## Great White Bear.

122 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

## SIGN

OF THE

## Great White Bear.

122 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

## SIGN

OF THE

## Great White Bear.

122 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

## SIGN

OF THE












my thanks with the best wishes for  
happy and prosperous New Year.  
Very Respectfully Yours,  
JAMES GORDON

(Successor to Service & Tithen)

December 23, 1830.

JOHN VALENTINE  
Young's Block, 120 Thames

Street,  **MASSONIC LOCKS**, 121 Broadway, New York.